

FIENDISH FEET COMPETITION INSIDE!

MARVEL®
3rd Nov 90

THE REAL

Nº125 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

and

SLIMER!

HAVE
A WICKEDY
HALLOWE'EN!



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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

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SLIMER!

HAVE
A WICKEDY
HALLOWE'EN!





Woooooaaah!!! It's the Hallowe'en issue of your favourite spooky comic, **THE REAL GHOST-BUSTERS AND SLIMER!** And what a utterly fun-packed phantasmal feast of all things supernatural it is too.

Firstly, there is a terrible wailing emanating from the back garden of a house in New York in a spooky saga entitled **Fiendish Familiar!** And since this is the witching time of year, there is another terrifying, spine-chilling tale concerning **Slimer's** exploits on All Hallow's Eve, called **Trick Or Treat!**

Staying on the theme of witches, wizards and warlocks, you can experience the third mysterious instalment of **The Witch!** A magical tale of one warlock and his cat! Besides most of your regular spooky favourites, there is a **Fiendish Feet** competition in which you could win one of many Fun Packs. So wallow in some truly witchy weirdness!

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Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



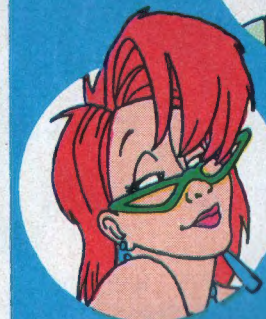
EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ

SLIMER



**HALLOWE'EN, SOMEWHERE
OUT OF TOWN...**

BURT, DID YOU
PUT THE CAT OUT?
THERE'S A TERRIBLE
WAILING SOUND
OUTSIDE.

NO, MARTHA.
I THINK I'D
BETTER CHECK.

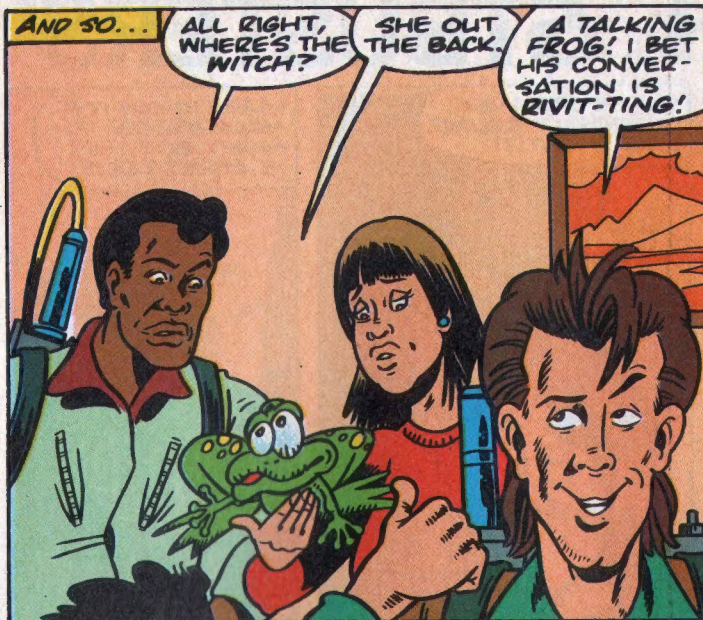
THAT'S STRANGE.
IT DOESN'T SOUND
LIKE A CAT!?!

HLUH! I KNOW IT'S HALLOWE'EN TONIGHT, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

I WANT MY REVENGE!
sob sob sob MY
SWEET REVENGE WA-
AAAAHA WAAAAH!!!

**TAKE THAT,
SNOOPER!**

SOMEONE HAD BETTER
CALL THE REAL GHOST-
BLUSTERS! ~Riv~



ERR, EXCUSE ME, WITCHY! DON'T ZAP A SPELL ON US. WE'VE COME TO HELP YOU!

IT'S TRUE. WE'VE GOT MORE CATS OUT OF TREES THAN YOU'VE CAST NASTY SPELLS!

OKAY WISE GUYS, WHAT'S THE DEAL?

WELL, YOUR CAT IS STUCK UP THE TREE, RIGHT? WE CAN GET HIM DOWN FOR YOU IF YOU TURN THE FROG BACK INTO A MAN!

OKAY, IT'S A DEAL. BUT IF ANY HARM COMES TO MY SWEET LITTLE REVENGE, I'LL TURN YOU ALL INTO FROGS AND TOADS!

Gulp! OKAY, YOU'RE SPELLING IT OUT LOUD AND CLEAR!

AND SO...

WEEEO-OWWWW!

OKAY, WINSTON, HERE SHE COMES!

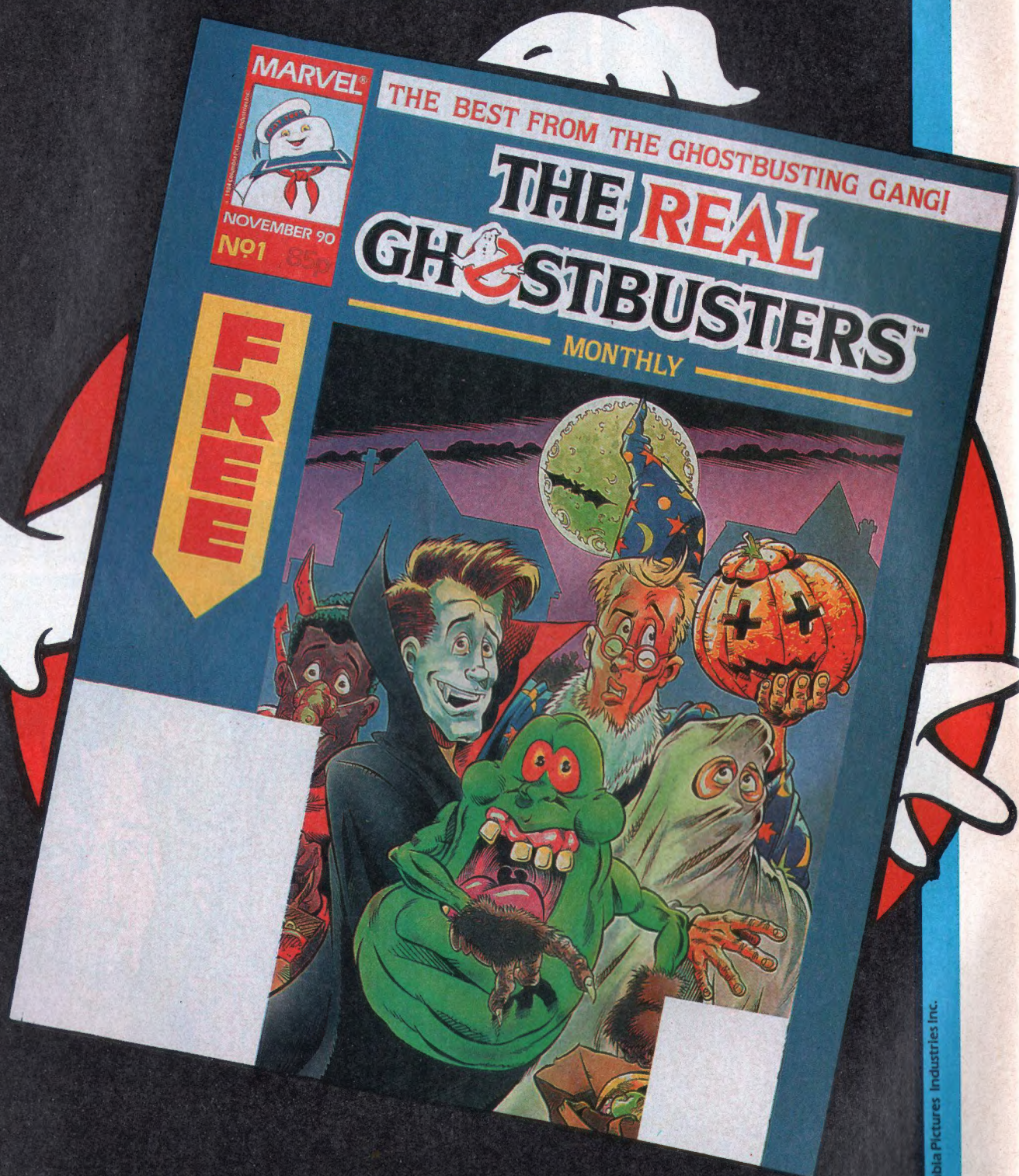
ZIKK!

GOOD SHOT, PETER. CAT-APULTED RIGHT IN TO MY ARMS!

IT WAS NOTHING SHORT OF PURR-FECT!

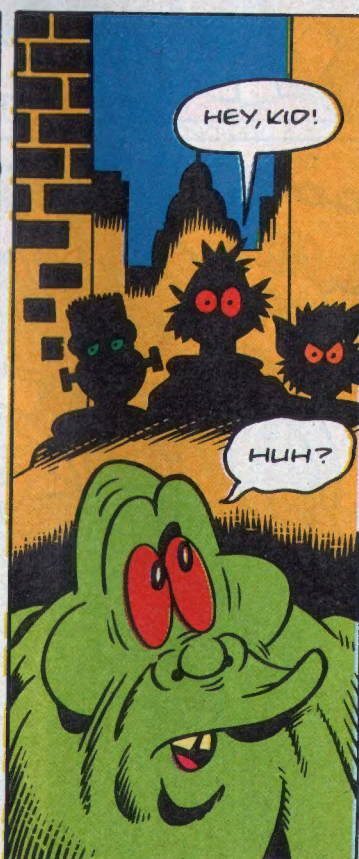
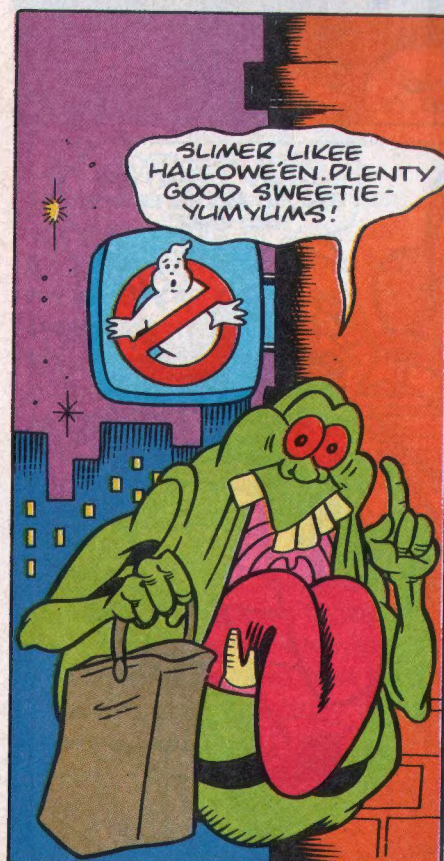
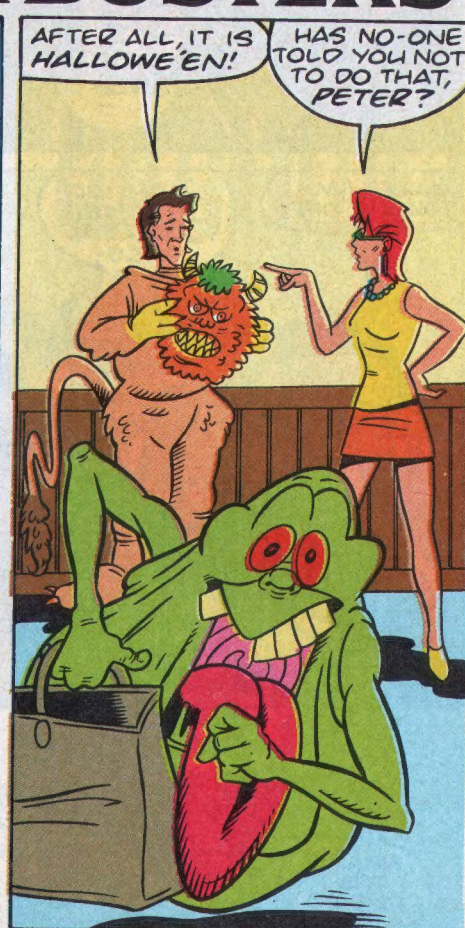
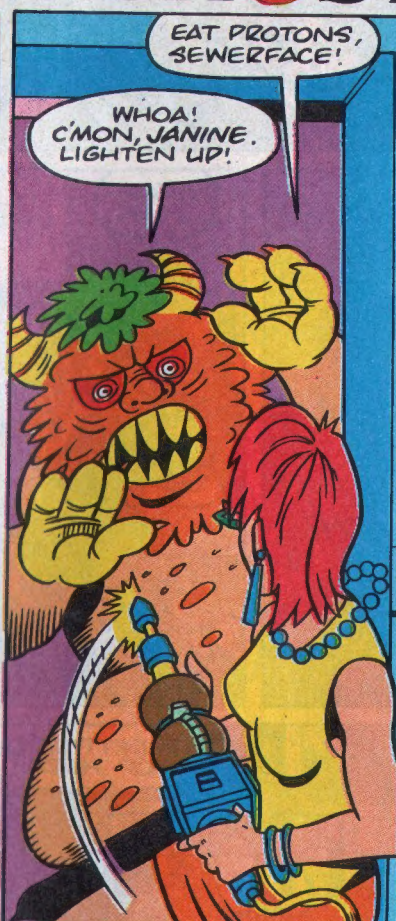
ALL YOUR FAVOURITE HAUNTS!

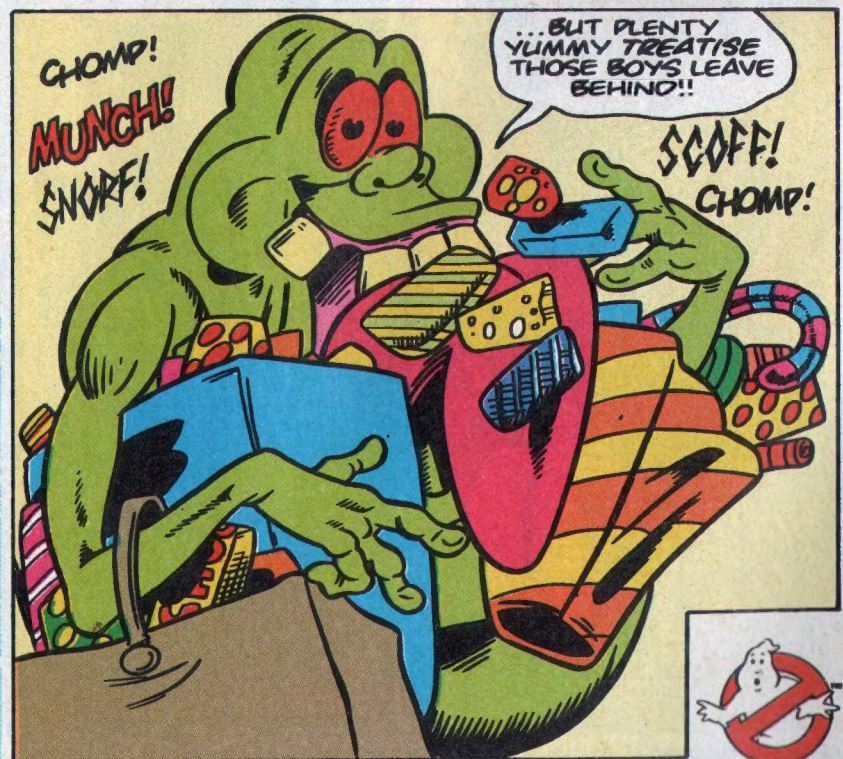
— COLLECTED INTO A BUMPER
36 PAGE, FULL COLOUR MONTHLY
EXTRAVAGANZA!



ON SALE NOW — FROM MARVEL.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

Hallowe'en. A word so loaded in mystic implications that it conjures up all manner of occult images, pulls the flags of the world from your pocket, materialises a dove in your briefcase and takes a tenner from your wallet, liquifies it in semolina and sends it back to you a week later with the card you first thought of.

As Hallowe'en approaches this year, I have decided to turn the attention of this Guide to an examination of the event, with reference to the great experts in the field. Hallowe'en's origins are shrouded in the mists of time, and I thought it would be a good idea to show you the possible theories, concerning its beginnings, that have been put forward over the years.

Let's start with Tobin . . . where else could we begin but with the father of Supercosmic research? Tobin says 'it is my belief that in pagan times, the autumn was seen as a time of afterlife, as the dying of the year symbolised all that Man feared. It was agreed that the supernatural should be honoured with a celebration at this time and it was decided by the Synod of Druids that this celebration should take place on October the twenty-ninth. However, it was then discovered that the Arch-druid of Avebury and the mud-huts south of the Severn couldn't make it on the twenty-ninth as he had a whist drive arranged and so



PART 125

the celebration was moved to the thirty-first when he was free and has remained there ever since'.

Thought provoking stuff, but not to everyone's taste. I now cite Vondahuck, who takes exception to Tobin's theory, arguing '... it's a load of tosh. Hallowe'en is clearly a throw-back to the Norse festival of the goddess Evelyn, who was said to walk the earth during the latter part of the rule of Scorpio. Hallowe'en is therefore a corruption of the sacred creed 'Hello Evelyn', which was traditionally the safest thing to say if you bumped into Evelyn while she was walking the earth and you were walking your dog.'

Pierce Hogglet wrote extensively on the subject until it was almost illegible and also doodled on the margins during phone calls. He ventures

GUIDE

that the festival dates back to the time of Eden and claims that 'All Hallow's Eve' is a misinterpretation of the words Adam used to describe his stomach when he was hungry ('All's hollow, Eve').

Lucretia Martine, Princetown's gifted paranormal fellow, traces the name back the thirteenth century Welsh peasant and pretender to the throne of England, Henry (or Hal) Owen. Owen planned a bloody revolt that would set him on the English throne, but lacked a great deal of support from the other peasants. Instead, he called upon the local coven of witches to help him with their infernal powers.

But, what with prior commitments, party bookings, and being held over for an extra week in panto in Harlech, the earliest they could book him in was the thirty-first of October. The coven members then began to refer to the upcoming engagement on that date as 'Hal Owen's Night' and the name stuck, particularly in occult circles. An interesting theory, perhaps the most credible of all.

As a historical aside, it is worth noting that, of course, Hal Owen's coup never came to anything, as he was killed in late September when the mule he was riding was involved in a collision with a cart of Malmsey Barrels that had jack-knifed on the M40 just outside Bicester.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story **DAN ABNETT** Art **BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS**

Wednesday, 31st October 1990

Hi there, Winston's diary . . . it's me, Peter Venkman talking to ya. How are ya doing? You may be surprised to find me putting pen to paper in these pages that are usually reserved for the innermost thoughts of Winston Zeddemore, but due to an unforeseen event (to wit, getting his hand shut in a letter box earlier this evening) Winston has asked me to write this Hallowe'en entry for his diary as he dictates. I'd like to begin by saying that this is a real honour for me and I will be taking this work very seriously as I want to do this job the justice that it deserves. Winston's Diary is a crucially important archive of our adventures and – hang on. Winston's telling me to get on with it and stop wasting paper. Honestly, he's very tetchy right now, what with his bandaged hand and all. I better do what he says. Dictate away, Winston –

Okay. It all began earlier this evening (Winston says) when he was on duty in HQ. It's Hallowe'en tonight, as I said, and we were getting ready for all sorts of nonsense and bad craziness to happen. He got a call from a couple in Brooklyn, by the name of Jamie and Lee Carpenter who said they had just been attacked by some slimy, smelly ghouel pretending to be a kid playing trick or treat. Honestly, trick or treaters can be a real pain. It's often difficult to tell them from real spooks on Hallowe'en. In fact, I remember one time a couple of years back when I – Winston says I should quit digressing with my own stories and get on with writing down some of what he's saying. I honestly think that maybe my anecdotes are more than good enough to be recorded here, but he's looking a bit cross. Very cross, in fact. He's telling me that unless I get on with it he'll ask Egon to help out instead. He hasn't looked as cross as this since Slimer got gunk on his VHS copy of *Beware the Blobby Wiggler from Planet X*. I am trying to help here, Winston. You could show me a bit more gratitude.

He's showing me a sizable book which he says he will hit me on the head with unless I get going. Back to the story.

Well, after the Carpenters had rung in, we got a few more calls from the same neighbourhood, all complaining of the same thing – a nasty ghoul playing at trick or treat and causing all sorts of trouble when people answered the door. So Winston set out for the area, and took me with him. You see, I do play a part in this story, so it might be nice if Winston allowed me to have my say here and there.



Ow.

Right. When we arrived at the Carpenters' house. (that really hurt, Winston. If that comes up in a bruise, I'll never help you out again, Buddy) . . . when we arrived at the Carpenters' house, it was clear from the bite marks on the front door and the slime all over the hallway that they had indeed been victims of a visitation by something of Class four or above, between a meter and a meter and a half in height (including vaporous extremities), with a personal hygiene problem and teeth that were a) big, b) sharp, and c) remarkably pointed.

This tale of woe, slime and damaged doors tallied with the accounts of the Carpenters' neighbours, and others told us that their kids were too scared to go out on the street as they had seen (I quote) 'an ugly spud with an attitude and gooey bits'. It was then that I had my plan. It was a darn good plan, too. Winston's waving the book at me again in a threatening way (I can now see that it is the very heavy edition of *Rider's Digest Coffee Tables of the World*), and is saying that it wasn't a good plan then and it still isn't now. He says he wished he'd never listened to me in the first place. He is, of course, entitled to his opinion (even if he is wrong, it was a good plan).



The plan was this. I figured the culprit was in fact Slimer. The little spud (who is after all ugly and often has quite an attitude about him, along with many unmentionably gooey bits) had been going on all day about how he wanted to go trick or treating with all the other 'kiddy-widdies' (I ask you. . .) and I figured that it was indeed him causing all this fuss. So Winston and I bought ten dollars' worth of candy bars from the Eight 'til Late store on the corner and set up a stake-out in a house that had not yet been raided by the

little monster. The house owner, a quiet old man called Mr Pleasance, was more than happy to help us in our attempt to apprehend the creature. We scattered some candy all over his front mat, then waited behind the closed front door to surprise our 'buddy'.

We didn't have to wait long. After a few minutes there was this shuffling noise outside, and a bad smell, and something rapped on the door and slobbered 'trick or treat' at us. That was when Winston shoved his hand through the letter-box to grab the little tyke and give him the scare of his afterlife.

That was also when the letter-box was slammed shut on Winston's hand and we realised that it was not Slimer after all but in fact a rogue Class seven Wraith. By the time we'd pulled Winston's hand free of the letter-box, the wraith had chewed the door pretty well, and eaten the candy, the doormat and two porcelain poodles that Mr Pleasance kept on his porch. We chased the evil-smelling critter out into the street and juiced him with three well-placed proton jolts before he could dematerialise to freedom. The blasts ricocheted him off a lamp-post, under a passing cab and finally cornered him in the bus shelter over the road, where we got him into the Ghost Trap after a few more blasts. Winston says to mention that some of my blasts knocked down the bus shelter in the process, but I really don't think it's necessary to mention that at all, in fact.

That was how Winston ended up with his hand bandaged, anyway. What was really funny was that, as we were getting into ECTO-1 to drive home, Slimer hovered up, stuck his head in the window and gurgled 'tricky or treaty-weaty' and Winston was so cross he wound up the window too fast and trapped his hand again. You have to laugh don't you?

Ow.

Apparently not.



Those **Fiendish Feet** characters are up to their tricks again. They have been busy getting ready for their Halloween Party - preparing toffee apples and pumpkins, putting up balloons and of course, making sure that there is enough wickedly smooth **Fiendish Feet** Yogurt and delicious **Fiendish Feet** Monster Mousse for everybody to enjoy. As usual they have turned everything upside down and the **Fiendish Fridge** is in a real mess.

They need to tidy up quickly before their friends arrive but haven't noticed the messy footprints they have left all over the room. Can you help the **Fiendish Feet** tidy up by finding these footprints. If you look at the picture carefully, you will see that there are 10 altogether.

Once you have found all 10, circle them on the picture, fill in the form below and send it to:

The Fiendish Fridge, Smart Communications,
PO Box 1961, Hall Green, Birmingham B26 0XU, to arrive no later than 16th November 1990.

The first 20 correct entries drawn from the bag after the closing date will receive a **Fiendish Feet** Fun Pack containing a spooky collection of prizes, like Roald Dahl's Revolting Rhymes, The Ghastly Dot to Dot Ghost book, The Real Ghostbusters Green Ghost and much, much more!



Name _____

Age _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Name of Comic _____

RULES

1. Entry not open to employees of Marvel Comics, Smart Communications, St Ivel or their families.
2. The Judge's decision will be final, no correspondence will be entered into.
3. A list of prize winners available on request.

THE WITCHES

This Hallowe'en Horror was found residing at Macbeth Mansion, Cauldron Street. The exterior was in ghostly, gothic style, complete with grinning gargoyles and the inside was even less inviting thanks to the whiffy aroma of cats that spread throughout.

The witching hour was approaching as The Real Ghostbusters braved their way through the ectomorphic mist that inched its way from the creepy cauldron. Closer investigation showed that this witch spelled D.O.U.B.L.E. T.R.O.U.B.L.E., as

an endless apparation of pointy-hatted hags spread from the cauldron. Unfortunately for Peter, he stood directly in the witches' firing-line as they cast a spooky spell, turning him into the less familiar form of – a frog!

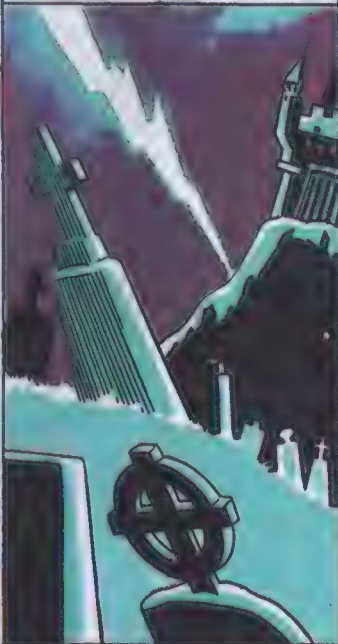
First attempts to zap the hazardous hags proved disastrous, causing them to change and multiply. The only thing to do was to bust the original, and because Slimer shared the same PKE metabolism, she was soon pointed out in the direction of the Ghost Trap. Magic!



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Three: Tarantula, the warlock's magical cat, has escaped from the witch, Marlene Whately, and is making its way to The Real Ghostbusters. . .

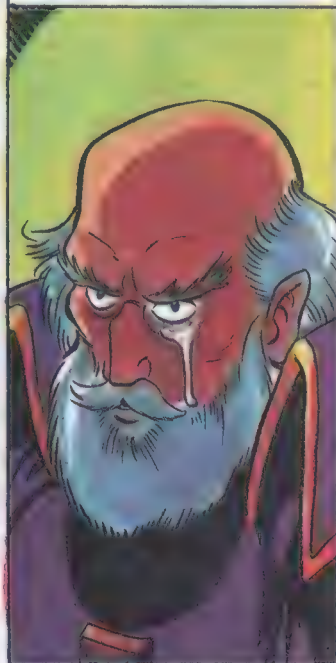
THIS IS THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM OF PHINEAS EVENTIDE, THE PRINCE OF WARLOCKS! HE IS A FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH, IN THIS HEMISPHERE. DARKNESS AND SHADOWS BEND TO HIS COMMAND. DEMONS CRINGE IN HIS PRESENCE.



POWERS UNDREAMED OF BY MORTAL MEN ARE AT HIS BECKONED CALL. HIS EXPERIENCE IS MEASURED BY CENTURIES OF STUDY AND PRACTICE. HE IS SINGULAR IN POWER AND ALERT TO ENEMIES WHO WOULD STEAL WHAT HE HAS WORKED SO LONG FOR.



HE CAN TRUST NO ONE, EXCEPT HIS FAMILIAR, A VERY SPECIAL CAT, WHO IS MISSING. NOW HE TRULY KNOWS WHAT IT IS TO BE ALONE, FOR EVEN ULTIMATE POWER IS A COLD COMPANION.



I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'VE BUSTED SO MANY GHOSTS IN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! DON'T THE DEAD EVER SLEEP?



SLEEP! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WORD!



RING RING RING!

UP AND AT 'EM BOYS!

OH NO!

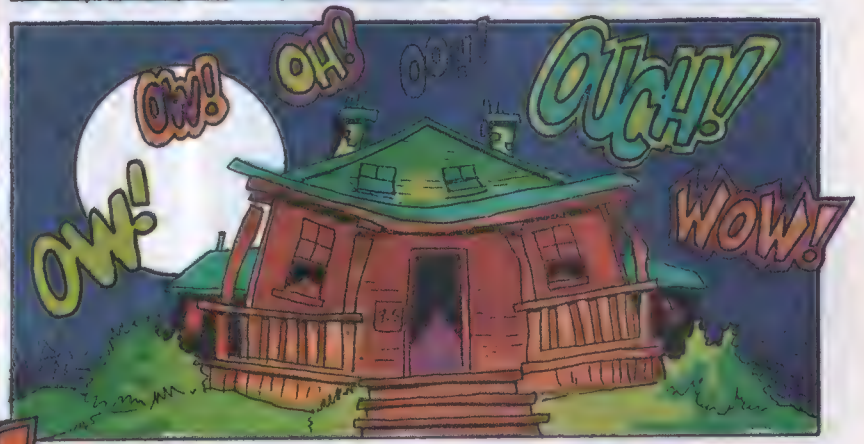
CAN'T WE JUST TRIPLE OUR RATES OR LET THE BAD GUYS WIN THIS TIME?

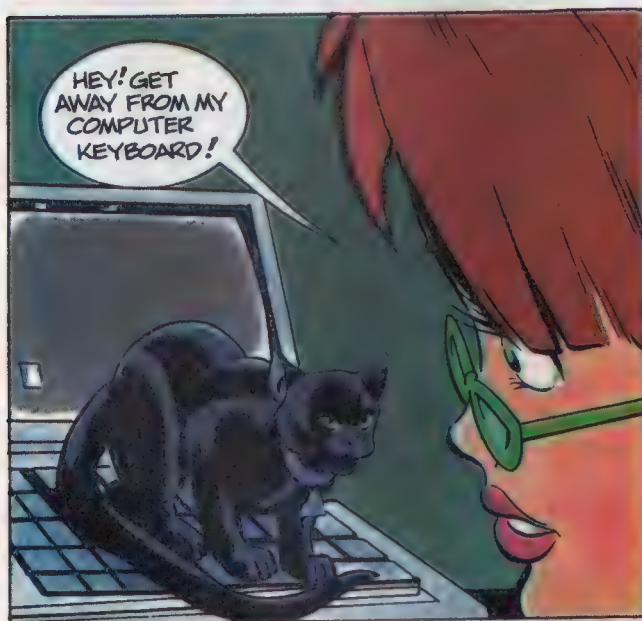
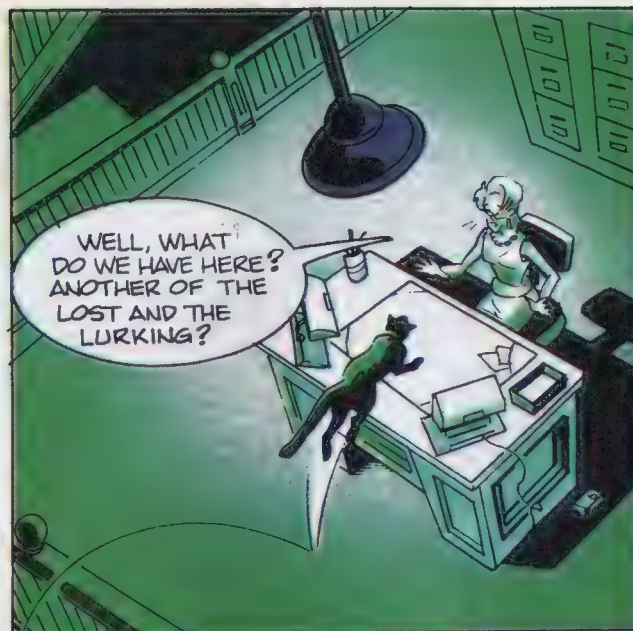


THAT'S EXACTLY WHO WILL WIN, IF WE DON'T MAINTAIN OUR CREDIT RATING, AND WE CAN'T AFFORD EXTRA HELP, EITHER.

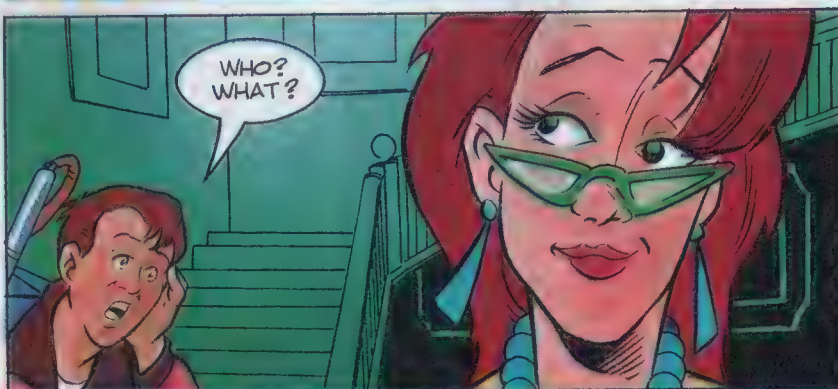
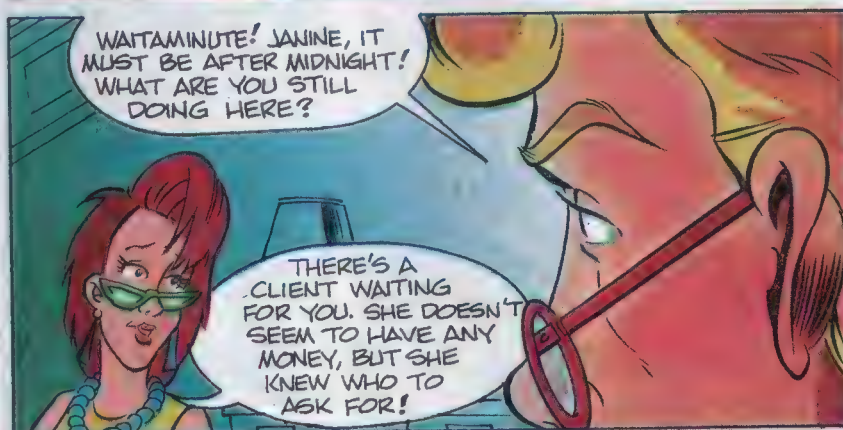
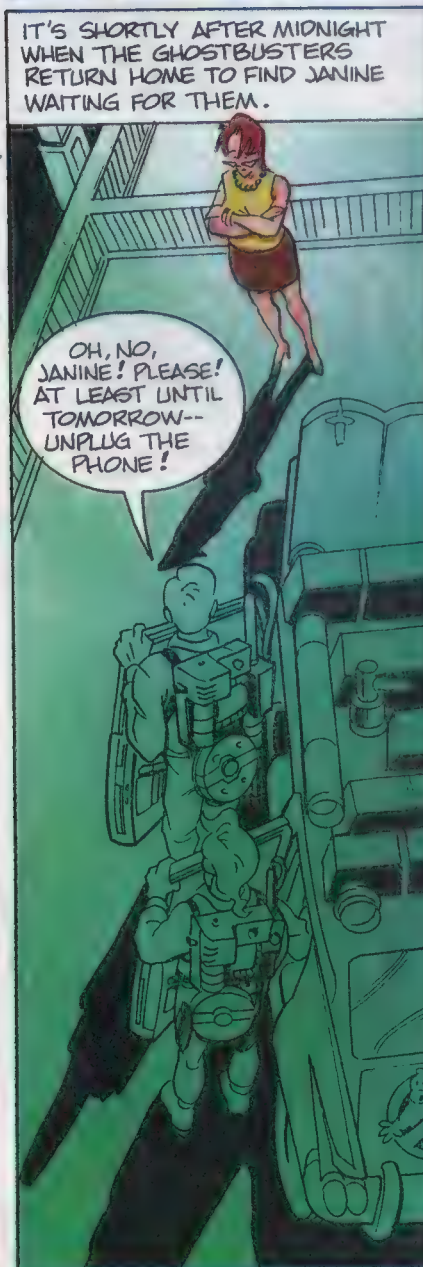
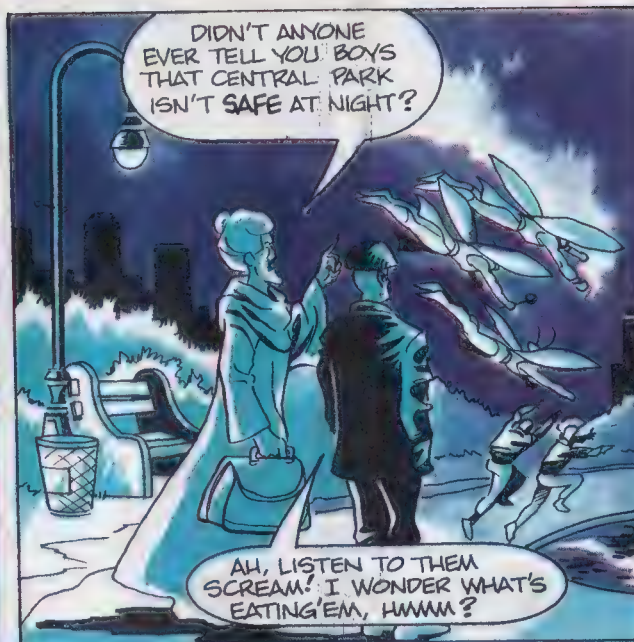
THEN I SUPPOSE THIS WOULD BE A BAD TIME TO ASK FOR A RAISE OR A LONG VACATION?

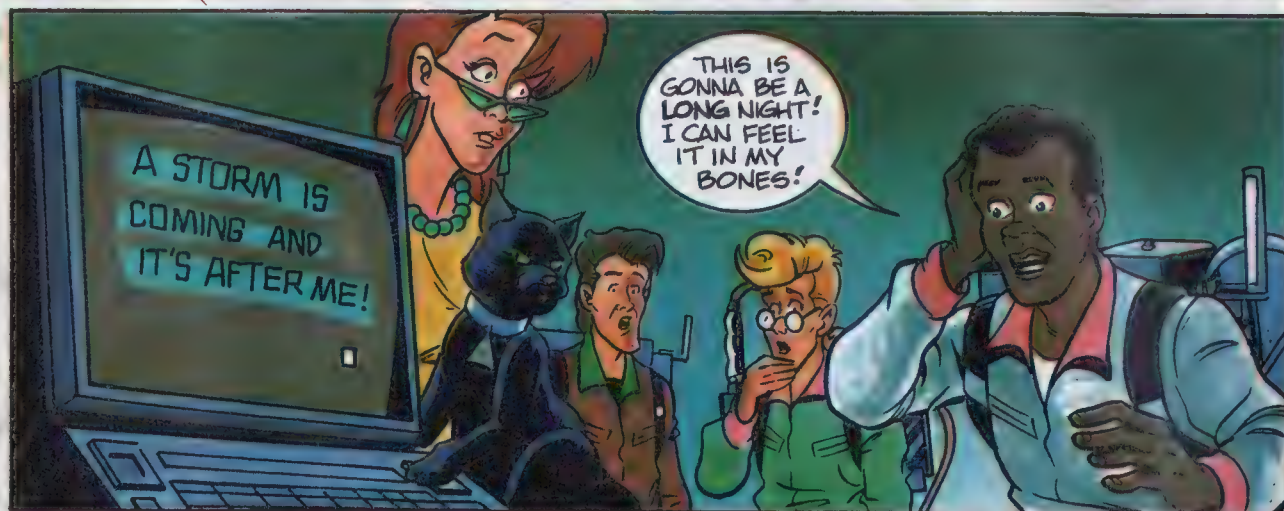




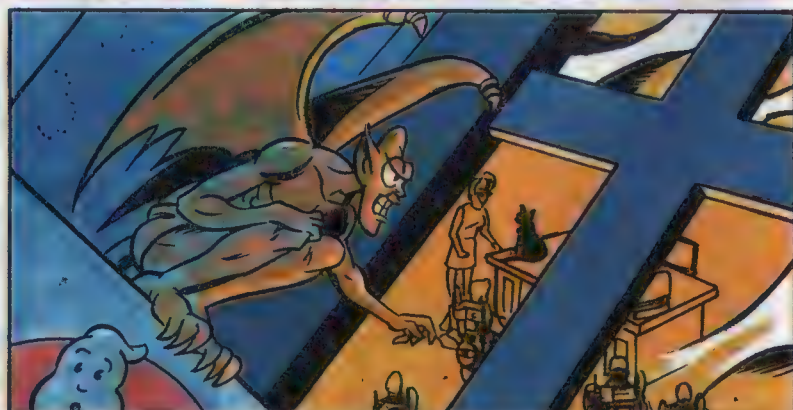
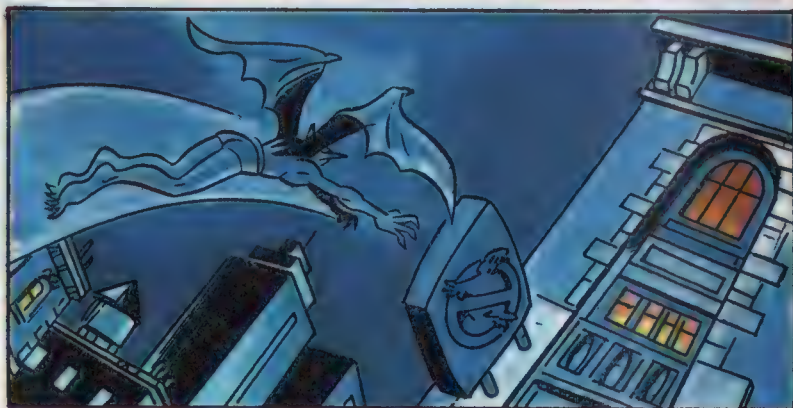








HIGH ABOVE THE CITY, THE FAMILIAR OF THE WITCH MARLENE IS PICKING UP THE VIBRATIONS OF A VERY SPECIAL CAT, AND IS DRAWN TO A VERY SPECIAL ADDRESS!





DEAD TRUE!



he island of Jersey is sometimes referred to as the 'Queen of the Channel' because of its charm and beauty. This small piece of land which lies between the English and French coast is positively bursting with strange, true tales involving ghostly goings-on and – *witches!*

One such story tells of a young boy called Edward, and an old *magic* woman, who, because of her dark skin was known locally as the 'Black Lady.' Edward had a reputation for not being able to control his tongue, and because of this, his parents had forewarned him not to 'cheek' the old woman as she possessed strange powers. Because he did not wish to disobey his parents, he refrained from his usual sarcastic comments whenever he saw the 'Black Lady.'

That is until one fateful day when Edward caught

sight of the old woman walking along the cobbled high street. Feeling in a particularly mischievous mood, the cheeky upstart called out, 'Look, here comes the old negress!' The elderly woman calmly turned to the impertinent teenager. She stared directly into Edward's eyes, and in a nonchalant tone of voice replied, 'It will be a fine day, my lad, before you eat any bread!' Edward dismissed the odd statement, that is until he got home and sat down to eat the evening meal. Much to his horror, he found that he could not eat a single piece of bread!

And so it was that Edward was quite unable to eat another morsel of dough, despite an attempt by his mother and father to find the 'Black Lady' so that she might be persuaded to remove the spell. By the age of eighteen, Edward had become so sickly

that his parents feared for his life. The young man's strength was slowly dwindling and the future for him was looking rather grim. Then, surprisingly, early one morning, four years to the day when the curse had first been spoken, Edward was filled with the most incredible energy and zest for life. He ran downstairs to the pantry and greedily grabbed the half loaf of bread that lay on the table. His father came into the kitchen just as the last crust was being swallowed by his dough devouring son!

Later that day when the family doctor called in, he was told that Edward had fully recovered. 'That is indeed interesting news,' he said, 'for the "Black Lady" as you call her, passed away early this morning and the spell has obviously died with her!'



ED BANGER

And The Firework Funsters



DON'T FOOL WITH FIREWORKS!



SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



BEDTIME BEASTIE!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

